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L. Haskoll

THE COUNTRY 'SQUIRE.

walking & talking

— or a new —

Pocket-Companion

for

Children of All Ages.

(By BOB SHORT.)

With the Life of the Author.

1799

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MEMOIRS

OF

The AUTHOR.

THE writer of the following treatiſe has appeared, for ſeveral years paſt, in *magazines*, *newſpapers*, and ſuch like periodical and fugitive publications, under various ſignatures, ſuch as *A Young Philanthropiſt*, *Theron*, *Jun. Florio*, &c. but he is beſt known to the public by the appellation of *Bob Short*; in which character he has

written ſeveral letters and eſſays in the *Gazetteer*, *Public Ledger*, and *Lady's Magazine*, which he has had the pleaſure to find were favourably received.

He is in private life, and lives upon his fortune, having a genteel income, ſufficient to maintain himſelf, his wife and family in a comfortable manner, neither afraid of the world's frown, nor dependant on its ſmiles, but thankful to a kind Providence for placing him in ſuch eaſy and enviable circumſtances, whereby he is a companion for the rich and (he hopes) a willing friend to the neceſſitous and diſtreſſed. Happy ſtate! devoutly to be wiſhed.

Being

The AUTHOR.

Being fond of literary amuſements, he employs no ſmall part of his time in reading, ſtudy, and obſervation on men and thigns.

When he looks around him and ſees the noble and dignified part of mankind, with all the pomp of greatneſs, and pageantry of grandeur, continually attended with a numerous retinue of ſervants, and accoſted with the fawning ſpeeches of adulation and ſervility, he cannot but adore and bleſs that beneficent *Supreme* who has placed him below the rank of the *Right Honourable*, and his *Grace*, and yet at the ſame time made him the inheritor of an eaſy independance.

When he obſerves with concern the poor and needy ſtruggling under (it may be) accumulated hardſhips, ſickneſs of body, depreſſion of mind, and ſcarcity of proviſion, without the means or opportunity to extricate themſelves from ſo trying a ſituation, he truly pities them, and thankfully aſks himſelf the queſtion, *Who maketh me to differ?*

His heart overflows with gratitude for the health, friends, food, raiment, and comfortable accommodations which he undeſervedly enjoys; while his chief deſire and prayer is to live to the glory of that GOD, *Who giveth to all liberally, and upbraideth not.*

Hampſtead, Sep. 10, 1780.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

BOB SHORT, the Editor of the enſuing pages, preſents his beſt wiſhes to every young and *old* child in the kingdom*, and begs leave to recommend to them this little book, conſiſting of *ſhort* obſervations and conciſe remarks, as ſuited to children of *all* ages, who diſlike long treatiſes, and have but ſhort memories.

* *Men are but children of a larger growth.* SHAKESPEAR.

From this ſmall treatiſe Reader learn,
How good from evil to diſcern;
The former chuſe, the latter ſhun,
This do or you'll be ſoon undone.

PREFACE.

IN the *Country*, gentlemen of independent fortunes too generally ſpend their time wholly in the purſuits of field ſports, *hunting*, *ſhooting*, and the like, or the intoxicating pleaſures of the bottle; and in *Town* little more or better is thought of than how to kill time, by diverſions and amuſements, of the moſt dangerous tendency to the morals and diſpoſitions of the riſing generation*.

What pity is it, that *cards*, *gaming*,

* Be not a man of words, but deeds,
Example (precepts) far exceeds.

gaming, *ſenſuality*, and *diſſipation*, ſhould keep men and women, endowed with immortal never dying ſouls, from thinking ſeriouſly on that awful *eternity*, into which death will ſoon inevitably plunge them, and if unprepared, O how dreadful muſt it be to reflect, that *eternity* will only be to ſuch another name for endleſs torment.

The following pages hold out the important benefits of ſerious reflection, and are humbly offered to the conſideration of all *dying immortals*, whether young or old.

By their ſincere well-wiſher,

G. W.

THE

THE COUNTRY 'SQUIRE.

PART I.

A Summer's Evening deſcribed; proper Time for Reflection.—The Benefits of Meditation; RELIGION *a uſeful Study.—The* SOUL'S IMMORTALITY *and a* FUTURE STATE *proved to the meaneſt Capacity.*

Retire, the world ſhut out, thy thoughts call home. Dr. YOUNG.

THE Sun had juſt withdrawn his chearing rays, the warbling ſongſters of the grove were retiring to reſt on their leafy beds, and the ſhadows

of the evening gradually deepening into night*, when, unmoleſted by the concerns of buſineſs, and excited by the fineneſs of the evening and the ſtillneſs of univerſal nature, I took a walk through the neighbouring meads, and gave my thoughts full range o'er the fields of penſive contemplation, to collect the mental ſweets of thoughtfulneſs and reflection†.

Amongſt the various ſubjects that engaged my attention, none were

* The language is imitated from HERVEY's Meditations.

† However my ſocial hours are enliven'd with innocent pleaſantry, let every evening in her ſable habit, toll the bell to ſerious conſideration.

HERVEY on Night.

were more intereſting and important than the truths of RELIGION; none more animating and beneficial than the ſoul's Immortality and a *future* State.

Man (ſaid I to myſelf) is a rational and intelligent being, diſtinguiſhed from the brutes by reaſon and underſtanding, and not only capable of but deſigned for, advancing his great Creator's Glory, and working out his own ſalvation, (under the bleſſing and aſſiſtance of divine grace) with fear and trembling; for *it is* GOD *that worketh in him both to will and to do, of his own good pleaſure**.

Man

* Philippians ii. 12. 13.

Man is endowed with a never-dying ſoul, that muſt of neceſſity exiſt through the endleſs ages of Eternity; and the ſacred ſcriptures, the teſt of truth and doctrines of divine revelation, frequently declare

Two ſtates alone, beyond the grave remain,
An HEAV'N of joy, or HELL of endleſs pain.

Then how neceſſary and important is the enquiry for me, for All! In which of theſe eternal ſtates am I likely to be placed at the day of judgment, when "every one ſhall receive accord-"ing to the things done in the Body, "whether they be good or whe-"ther they be evil*."

Romans ii. 6. Revelations xx. 13.

The great truths of Revelation can never be imbibed too early, or inculcated with too ſolicitous anxiety and concern; for

As we ſpend our time whilſt here below,
DEATH leads to *bliſs* or everlaſting *woe*.
SOLITARY WALKS.

Then be perſuaded, O reader, whoever thou art, whether young or old, rich or poor, to *be religious*, in Heart as well as in Life, in Practice as well as by Profeſſion, for be aſſured True Piety is only another name for True Happineſs.

Religion's all; deſcending from the ſkies
To wretched man; the Goddeſs in her left
Holds out *this* world, and in her right *the next*.
Dr. YOUNG.

However

However the Votaries of Pleasure may live unmindful of their approaching diſſolution, and endeavour to ſtifle the convictions of Conſcience, and drown Reflection, in the diſſipated purſuits of Debauchery and Licentiouſneſs, there is a time coming when Death ſhall put an end to their golden dreams, and teach them their folly; but alas! it may be too late for Repentance, for *as the tree falls, ſo it muſt lie; as death leaves them, judgment will find them**. How wiſe, how neceſſary, and how prudent then it is for every one, who wiſhes to enjoy eternal felicity in the world to come, to conſider and purſue

* Eccleſiaſtes xi. 13.

purſue in *this* world, "the things "that belong to his peace, be- "fore they are for ever hidden "from his eyes*."

Theſe are not the dictates of inexperience, nor the wild incoherences of methodiſtical enthuſiaſm; no, but what all in their more ſober and retired moments, muſt acknowledge and approve; and the men of the world will on a death bed (if ſenſible) earneſtly wiſh they had attended to and regarded.

What ſtings of conſcience wound the Sinner's breaſt,
When he by *Death* receives his dire arreſt;
Sins unrepented of, diſtreſs his ſoul,
While o'er his mind forboding ſorrows roll;
Stinging

* Luke xix. 42.

Stinging reflections while he yields his breath,
Add point and poiſon to the ſhaft of Death. TRAPP.

A late Reverend Author very juſtly obſerves,

Men may *live* fools, but fools they cannot *die*. Dr. YOUNG.

When ſleep cloſes the weary eyelids of the labouring huſbandman, the wakeful fancy often ſports itſelf in Dreams, and preſents to the imagination the employments of the foregoing day*, A proof this, that the ſoul of man,

* Dull ſleep inſtructs, nor ſport vain dreams in *vain*,
Our *waking* dreams are *fatal*.
Dr. YOUNG.

man, the ſeat of action and the ſource of thought, in its nature and operations muſt undoubtedly be immortal, and as it ſleeps not in *this* world, will not in *another*.

Am I then Immortal? what is the conſequence, but that Immortality will be my endleſs joy or curſe, when Mortality ſhall be ſwallowed up in life, and days, weeks, months and years, ſhall be to me no more for ever.

Time will ſoon be over, and a never-ending eternity begin; many have cloſ'd their eyes in time, and opened them in an eternal world, never to be cloſ'd more. Oh how awful is the thought! how ſudden the tranſition!

ſition! and how irrevocable the change! when Corruption puts on Incorruption, and Mortal puts on Immortality*.

Let me then perſuade you, Reader, to dwell ſeriouſly and daily on the thought; that ſoon it may be, ere another night, thy ſoul will be required of thee; and if this ſhould be the caſe, O where (haſt thou good ground to hope) will thy ſoul exiſt, and thy lot and portion be aſſigned by GOD, the great Judge of all for Eternity!

ETERNITY! thou pleaſing, dreadful thought! CATO.

* 1 Corinthians xv. 53.

PART II.

PART II.

THE COUNTRY SQUIRE's RECOLLECTIONS in SOLITUDE:

OR,

Choice Obſervations worthy univerſal Attention, Remembrance, and Regard.

PERSONS in general too often remember, what they ſhould forget, Injuries, &c. and forget what they ſhould remember, GOD, their Immortal Souls, Death, and a future State.

If a ſinner's thoughts are not chang'd in this world, by grace, they will be in another by experience; therefore let ſinners daily pray for more grace and leſs of the world in their thoughts.

Get this principle wrought in your heart, that there is nothing got by ſin, but miſery; nothing loſt by holineſs, but Hell.

Piety is the beſt profeſſion; honeſty the beſt policy; vice its own puniſhment; and virtue its own reward.

They that deſerve nothing, ſhould be content with any thing: ſinner, What deſerveſt thou?

Idleneſs is the mind's poiſon the

the devil's working time, and the Chriſtian's ſnare.

The truly good man, ſenſible of his duty to GOD, his own ſoul, and his fellow creatures, will never ſay upon reflection, "he "has nothing to do.

It matters not what a man loſes, if he ſaves his ſoul; but if he loſes his ſoul, it matters not what he ſaves.

It is better to have a good conſcience and be poor, than a bad one and be rich; for a guilty conſcience who can bear?

We muſt attend to the warnings of conſcience in time, or we ſhall feel the wounds of it eternally.

An hypocrite is a dangerous perſon to be in company with, becauſe he neither is what he ſeems, nor ſeems what he is.

If a man lives and dies a mere profeſſor, it had been better for him if he had made no profeſſion. Religion conſiſts not in profeſſion but practice.

The profeſſion of godlineſs may be without the practice of it, but the practice cannot be without the profeſſion; ſo in the ſame view morality may be without true chriſtianity, but true chriſtianity cannot be without morality.

The gate which leads to eternal life is a ſtraight gate, there-

fore we ſhould fear; but bleſſed be GOD, it is an open gate, therefore we may hope.

If you forget God in your youth, he may forget you when you're old, or remember only to puniſh you for your forgetfulneſs.

The reaſon why ſo many fall into Hell, is becauſe ſo few think on it.

The real Chriſtian has Chriſt in his heart, Heaven in his eye, and the world under his feet. GOD's ſpirit is his guide, GOD's fear is his guard, GOD's people are his companions, GOD's promiſes are his cordials, and GOD's preſence his eternal glory.

Take

Take the candle of GOD's word, and ſearch the corners of your heart; if your heart is not right with GOD, your ſoul muſt be in great danger.

He that wants to know whether he is going to Heaven, ſhould daily examine what road he travels in.

He that wiſhes to know whether he is a child of GOD, ſhould enquire whether he loves and obeys his heavenly Father with all that he has and is.

God's children are eaſily known by their family likeneſs.

As this world is but an inn or a temporary lodging for the chriſtian

tian in his way to glory, he ſhould be contented and thankful, if he meets with decent (much more elegant) accommodations and refreſhment, where there are continually ſo many travellers putting up.

That man ſhews himſelf to be a chriſtian, who chuſes rather to ſuffer than ſin.

If ſin and folly are the modes of the times, we muſt be ſure to be unfaſhionable, and in that reſpect appear Nonconformiſts.

Riches are duſt, honours are ſhadows, pleaſure a bubble, and man a lump of vanity; but who believes all this? Alas, too few.

To have a portion in this world is a mercy, but to have this world for a portion is a misery: reader what and where is thy portion?

A christian while he lives surrounded with spiritual enemies should take care never to stir abroad without his guard.

If you wish to talk wisely and speak judiciously, first dip your tongue in your mind, and then you'll mind what you speak.

As among wise men, he is often the wisest who thinks he knows the least*, so among fools he is commonly the greatest, who thinks he knows most.

To

* Diffidence is the companion of Merit.

To render good for evil is God-like, to render evil for good is devil-like, to render evil for evil is beast-like: which reader do you do?

To profess to be a christian in words, and prove yourself to be a heathen by deeds, is to be an arrant liar, a talking hypocrite, and more fool than knave.

He who thinks least about a future life, has most reason to fear his approaching death.

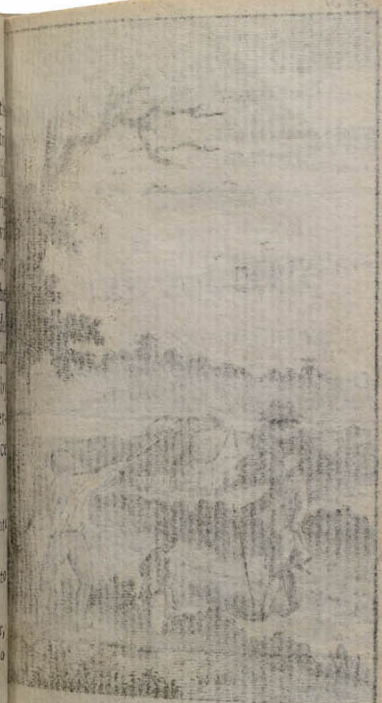
Howe'er the young and gay may vainly boast,
They fear death *least*, who *think* upon it *most*.

This life is a middle state, we must go higher or lower for

The

The man of pleaſure and t
free-thinker who deny the bei
of a GOD, and live as they l
under the notion that all thin
came into being by *Chance*, w
do well to conſider, if the wo
was made by Chance, whet
there might not be alſo a *H*
made by *Chance*, and they ſhou
fall into it by *Chance*, and ſo
Chance be miſerable to all ete
nity; what a damnable Chanc
this will be!

Man, thoughtleſs man, whoſe moment
quickly fly,
Wakes but to ſleep again, and lives t
die;
And when this preſent fleetinglife is o'
Man dies to live, and lives to die no
more. SOLITARY WALKS.



PART III.

THE COUNTRY 'SQUIRE's METHOD of Spiritualizing TEMPORAL Things:

OR,

To be spiritually minded is Life and Peace.

AS I pass along the verdant fields or the neighbouring plains, each object that attracts my view, affords me ample matter for improving meditation; the streams direct me to the great adorable

adorable Fountain, the creatur
lead me to the ever-preſent C
ator, while all things round m
ſhew the handy works of Hi
who ſaid in the beginning, a
it was done; who commands
and it ſtood faſt; who ſpoke
firſt the world into exiſtence
the word of his mouth, and co
tinues to preſerve and uphold
by the power of his arm; to Hi
who made all, rules over all, an
is in all things ſeen, to GOD
over all bleſſed for ever, be a
and everlaſting praiſe.

His work is ſeen in every blade of grai
His wiſdom ſhines thro' every field
paſs;
Both heav'n and earth his power an
goodneſs ſhow,
From Him alone our various bleſſings
flow;

Sun moon and ſtars obey his awful nod,
While all creation echoes *Thou art GOD.*

RURAL CHRISTIAN.

In yonder tree methinks I ſee
an emblem of a natural man, 'tis
full of leaves but deſtitute of
fruit; ſo the natural man may
be, and often is, full of the leaves
of profeſſion, but an entire ſtran-
ger to the fruit of poſſeſſion; he
abounds, it may be, in works
of morality, ſuch as honeſty be-
tween man and man, faithfulneſs
to his promiſes and engagements,
integrity in his dealings, induſtry
in his buſineſs, and charity to the
poor; but at the ſame time is
totally ignorant of that fruit
which grows on the trees of true
faith

faith in JESUS CHRIST, repentance unto life for ſin, and evangelical holineſs of heart, life, and converſation; ſuch a one may flouriſh in the world reſpecting his circumſtances and fortune, and yet be nothing more than a mere moraliſt, or like the barren fig-tree*.

The real chriſtian, dead to the follies and vanities of the world, but alive in CHRIST,

Does in his thoughts (as trees ſhoot upward) riſe
Above the region of theſe lower ſkies;
And wafted ſwift on contemplation's wings,
Soars with the lark, and as he mounts, he ſings. RURAL CHRISTIAN.

The

* Matthew xxi. 19.

The benign influences of JESUS, the Son of Righteouſneſs, ſhining on his ſoul (as the natural ſun animates and enlivens univerſal nature) fill him with divine love, remove every diſcouraging fear, brighten his hope, and excite his grateful praiſe; temptations may, like briars and thorns, lay hold on, and ſometimes ſcratch him as he is paſſing thro' this wilderneſs world, but ſincere repentance will ever heal theſe wounds, and daily circumſpection (with a divine bleſſing) yield an effectual cure; ſeeing the many dangers, enemies, ſnares, and temptations he is ever ſurrounded with and expoſed to, there ſurely is ſufficient rea-

ſon for him conſtantly to watch and pray leſt he enters into, and falls by temptation.*

A few days ago as I was walking on the neighbouring plain, a little thatch'd cottage attracted my view, and ſuggeſted the following meditation:

A SOLILOQUY.

IN yonder lowly cot and its ruſtic tenants, methinks I ſee a ſtriking emblem of the humble and lowly mind; untainted with ambition and eſtranged to pride; the ſimple ſwain ſeeks not the applauſe of the noble, the ſmiles of affluence, nor the approbation of the gay; but happy and contented

* Matthew xx. 41.

contented with the bleſſing of health, accompanied by temperance, gratitude and tranquility, he ſhuns the noiſy haunts of riot and diſſipation, and takes ſhelter in the peaceful vale of ſolitude and obſcurity.

Thus would I retire from the cares and hurries of the buſy world, and in ſome ſequeſtered ſpot, ſtudy myſelf, venerate my CREATOR, and prepare for death.

Fain would I ſhun the public eye,
From folly, noiſe, and riot fly,
And learn both how to live and die.

What are all the honours, dignities, riches and preferments among men, to the truly Good

Man, whoſe affections are plac
on things above, and whoſe he
and treaſure are on high, "wh
" neither moth nor ruſt d
" corrupt, nor thieves bre
" through and ſteal*?—
" *than nothing and vanity.*"

The language of ſuch a m
will be,

In CHRIST alone I'll put my truſt,
Bid tempting wealth away;
Heaven is not made of yellow duſt,
Nor bliſs of glittering clay.

Dr. WATTS.

In the views of Death, m
things appear very different fro
what they ever did before, and le
fe

* Matthew vi. 20.

ſen in our eſteem as we draw near-
er to the grave; Power, then loſes
its ſtrength to protect; Riches,
their value to relieve; Honour
its titles to allure; Amuſements,
their tendency to divert; and
Pleaſure, her charms to enſnare.
—Health may laſt for many
years, uninterrupted by ſickneſs,
pain and diſeaſes; Wealth may
be your inheritance, undiminiſh-
ed by loſſes and diſappointments;
but know, reader! ere long thou
muſt, in common with thy fel-
low mortals, Die; what then
will it avail thee, that thou haſt
been a ſtranger to diſorders, or
the heir of affluence, grandeur
and nobility? Nature's laſt foe
makes no diſtinction, nor obſerves

the leaſt difference, between Wealth and Poverty, Youth and Age, Majeſty and Slavery.—Death levels all and mingles duſt with Duſt.

Our bodies while on earth dreſt rich and gay,
Are but mere lumps of animated clay,
And ſoon muſt die; 'tis heav'ns ſupreme decree,
But our immortal ſouls exiſt eternally.

Tho' the amuſements and diverſions of this life, prevent the unthinking *many*, from ſeeking the "one thing needful," an intereſt in the favour of the Almighty, and a ſhare in the Righteouſneſs of JESUS CHRIST, the only Saviour from the wrath to

to come; the thinking and religious *few*, will eſteem nothing ſo worthy their purſuit, and ſo important in its tendency, as the glory of their *Maker*, and the enjoyment of him for ever; being well perſuaded *his favour alone is life, and his loving kindneſs far ſurpaſſes life itſelf**.

And how can we *glorify* him more, than by loving him with all our hearts, ſouls and powers, giving ourſelves up to him in dependence and reſignation, well aſſured that he does all things right, and ſeeking by daily prayer and ſupplication, *mercy* to pardon our ſins, through JESUS

* Pſalm xxx. 5.

CHRIST, and *grace* to help us in every time of need*.

By prayer the chriſtian will aſſiſtance gain,
And ev'ry needed good thro' CHRIST obtain,
For he who prays in faith can never pray in vain‡.

RURAL CHRISTIAN.

In my garden, on a verdant mount which terminates a gravel walk, I have placed a ſundial, with this motto round it, "THE

* Hebrews iv. 16.

‡ The encouragements to excite the chriſtian to pray and not to faint, are almoſt innumerable in the ſacred ſcriptures, and the greateſt bleſſings are expreſsly aſſerted to be obtained in the ways of prayer and believing. Matthew xxi. 22.

"THE SUN WARNS ALL BY ME*." By which I mean to ſuggeſt, that the ſwiftneſs of time and ſhortneſs even of the *longeſt* day, are eaſily perceived by the ſhadow on the dial, and ſeem to addreſs every beholder in ſuch like terms as theſe:

While you obſerve with juſt ſurprize,
How ſwift o'er me the ſhadow flies;
O be concern'd without delay,
To well improve the paſſing day;
For life, with all thy joys below,
Are but a dream or empty ſhow;
Another day thou may'ſt not ſee,
Prepare then for ETERNITY.

At the end of a ſerpentine walk, ſhaded with lofty elms, I have

* I once ſaw theſe words under a ſundial, and I think a very proper admonition to all, *Go about your Buſineſs*.

have erected a ſtone pedeſtal, in the ſhape of a coffin, with a ſcull on the top of it; (a very uncouth appearance this, as well as an odd whim in me you may reply, reader, very likely it may be ſo) however, odd and uncouth as it may ſeem to the unthinking, gay, and youthful part of mankind, it is full of inſtruction, and ſpeaks to all, the language of mature *experience*. On one ſide of it is written "Within this pillar is enclos'd, what the world "its riches, honours, pleaſures, "and enjoyments will appear to "all in the views of death,— "NOTHING." On the oppoſite ſide, theſe lines are engraven:

Herein

Herein the rich, the honour'd, fam'd and great,
See the falſe ſcale of happineſs compleat.

On the front of it, juſt beneath the ſcull, theſe words addreſs the ſpectator; "Mortal, whoever "thou art, whether young or "old, rich or poor, beautiful "or deformed, ſee the end of "all ſublunary triumphs,— "*A* COFFIN *and a* SCULL."

Below this are the following poetical admonitions, and ſcriptural remarks:

Frail man! do coffins, graves, and tolling bells,
Warn thee in vain? in palaces and cells,
The rich and poor, the noble and unknown,
Muſt ſoon or late, death's fatal empire own;

Truſt

Truſt not the morrow then, but while
'tis day,
Prepare for death thyſelf, make no delay,
Another morn on earth thou may'ſt not
ſee,
For on each moment hangs ETERNITY.

I have ſaid to corruption, thou art my father, to the worm, thou art my mother and my ſiſter.—What man is he that liveth, and ſhall not ſee death.——I ſaid ye were Gods, but ye ſhall die like men, and fall like one of the princes.——As death leaves us, judgment will find us.

Reader, permit me to obſerve, and may the truth ſink deep into thy mind, every flower which enamels the neighbouring meads, every blade of graſs in yonder field,

field, and every inſect that wantons in the ſun beams, or creeps along the verdant earth, prove to the ſerious and diſcerning traveller, the exiſtence of a great and omnipotent Supreme, who rules over all, and is in all things ſeen: Then let the unhappy atheiſt bluſh at his folly and diſbelief, and led by every ſurrounding object, acknowledge his error with contrition, and believe and tremble.

GOD ſpeaks in all, and is in all things
found,
I hear him, I perceive him all around;
In Nature's lovely and unblemiſh'd face,
The works of his Almighty pow'r I
trace*;

Reviving

* Pſalm cxi. 2.

Reviving ſweets the opening flow'rs diſ-
cloſe,
Fragrant the violet and the budding roſe,
But all their balmy ſweets from *Thee* they
ſteal,
And ſomething of *Thee* to my ſenſe reveal.
Oh come and fill my ſoul with love
divine,
Thou, who doſt thro' created nature
ſhine,
Oh come, dear LORD, and make me
wholly thine.

Mrs. Rowe.

PART IV.

PART IV.

THE COUNTRY SQUIRE's Return to his HABITATION:

The Night approaches;—the Dews deſcend;—the Moon breaks out from beneath the duſky Clouds;—and Nature retires to reſt.

THE ſhadows lengthen with the ſetting ſun, and the weſtern clouds here deck'd in purple, and there edged with gold, ſpeak ſober evening near, now

now let me return to my habitation, while refreſhing dews deſcend on fields, meads, plains, and flowers, parched up with the noon-day heat, and loſt to the intruſions of company, and empty diverſions of the faſhionable and the gay, reflect with ſerioufneſs on the night of death which I know is ſwiftly approaching, to cloſe life's tranſient day.

Yes! I know the ſun of health, which enlivens, animates, and enlivens the animal ſpirits of my mortal frame, will ere long ſet, enveloped in clouds of ſickneſs, or overtaken by the ſhades of death, but when? alas! there's

none can tell. Let me improve the uncertain period of my exiſtence, in living to *his* glory, who at firſt brought me into being, and has mercifully preſerved me to the preſent moment.—Yes, this is all I have, and (I truſt) all I wiſh to do.—May GOD enable me to anſwer the end of my creation, and then let the day of life cloſe, and the night of death approach, whether ſooner or later, I'll welcome the ſolemn change, and aſſiſted by Divine Grace, die rejoicing in the LORD*.

* Death is a ſubject few perſons like to think on, eſpecially among the *younger* part of mankind; but it is what all muſt come to, ſooner or later; then how neceſſary and important is the enquiry *Am I prepared to die?*

But while I am ſeriouſly reflecting on the moſt important truths, behold the moon breaks out in the eaſtern ſkies, while twinkling ſtars, like ſtuds of pureſt gold, ſoften and adorn the ſurrounding gloom.

How pleaſing a reflection is it, that the great Creator of the Univerſe, is made known to his creatures by all his works, as the GOD of Wiſdom, Power, Goodneſs, and Truth; light and darkneſs, day and night, are both alike to him; He is ever preſent to take notice of our actions and direct our ways.——Yes, the Omniſcient GOD beholds whatever is done in the armies of Heaven,

Heaven, and among the inhabitants of this lower world; none can hide themſelves from his comprehenſive view, nor elude the vigilance of his all-ſeeing Eye.——Is it ſo! that I'm ever in the preſence of my Maker? how carefully ought I to act, how ſoberly to live, and how continually to love, fear, and obey him, whoſe alone I am, and whom alone I was created to adore.

The Moon, continually increaſing or decreaſing, waxing or waning, is a lively emblem of the preſent life, as well as the ſtate of man in this chequered world; the taper is no ſooner lighted than it begins to leſſen

and burn into the ſocket; the babe no ſooner begins to breathe than it begins to die, and draws nearer to the grave, and oft the cradle rocks the harmleſs infant into the arms of death.

The cloſe of a ſummer's day with night's approach, clad in her dewy garb of deepening ſhades, remind me of Dr Young's beautiful deſcription, in the firſt book of his ſublime and ſolemn Night Thoughts:

NIGHT, ſable Goddeſs! from her ebon throne
In rayleſs majeſty now ſtretches forth
Her leaden ſceptre o'er a ſlumb'ring world.
Silence how dead! and darkneſs how profound!
Nor eye nor liſt'ning ear an object finds;
Creation ſleeps!——

It muſt be ſo, for all muſt *ſleep* as well as all muſt *die*; the Apoſtle Paul, writing to the Theſſalonians, ſays in his firſt epiſtle, iv. chap. and 13 verſe, *I would not have you, brethren, to be ignorant concerning them which are aſleep, that ye ſorrow not even as others which have no hope*; and a late poet has very happily expreſſed the ſimilarity between death and ſleep, in the following energetic lines:

Welcome ſweet Sleep, *Death*'s image! to thine arms I fly,
Pleas'd without life to live, glad without death to die.

How calm the air! how ſtill are all things round! not a breeze ſhakes the leaves, nor

whiſtles among the neighbouring trees; nature retires to reſt, the ſheep to their graſſy couch, the birds to their leafy beds, and man to his downy pillow; they ſleep in peace and are refreſhed; but what is *ſleep?* An emblem of approaching *Death!* and what's the bed-room? but an antichamber to the *grave!* alas! how frequently am I reminded of theſe awful themes, by the funerals of my neighbours, relatives, or friends! one falls on my right hand, another on my left; one is ſnatched away by a ſudden ſtroke, while another is gradually taken off by a lingering diſeaſe. Thus circumſtanced, I look on myſelf as a ſoldier in the field of battle, where thouſands

thouſands are falling around me, and I myſelf every moment expecting the fatal wound.

How uncertain is all ſublunary bliſs! how precarious is the life of man! one day in the midſt of health, riches, honours, and preferments; the next, he is bereaved of all; one hour rejoicing in the poſſeſſion of unnumbered comforts, and ere another, he is deprived of each. What then is there here below deſerving the eſteem, or worthy the purſuit of a *candidate* for *eternity?* Every earthly pleaſure is inſcribed with *vanity*, and our beſt enjoyments are fleeting as the early dew.

Life is at beſt a tranſient ſpan;
How ſhort is time! how frail is man!

A few years more, and all muſt go
To realms of endleſs bliſs or woe.

SOLITARY WALK.

We often ſee the infant die juſt as it begins to live; the youth is frequently cut down like a tender flower nipt in the bud, and every age is equally expoſed to the ſtroke of death: then how neceſſary and important is the ſtudy, and endeavour, to live as becomes a *dying* creature on the borders of an unknown and eternal world.

Before another morning, I may be called away forever from the affairs, buſineſs, and pleaſures of the *preſent* ſtate; I ſtand in jeopardy *every* moment,

and cannot tell what a day, or an hour, may bring forth; then help me, O thou compaſſionate and moſt merciful Creator! always to have my lamp trimmed, and my light burning (*grace* in my heart and *religion* in my ſoul) and thus be daily prepared for the Bridegroom's coming.

The following lines written on a faithful Miniſter of CHRIST*, who died in the prime of life, contain truths of the greateſt moment and importance to perſons of every age; may Heaven impreſs them on the minds and memories of all:

Surviving

* The late Rev. Mr. Edward Hitchin, aged 48.

Surviving mortals, mark this leſſon well,
As none, the time when they ſhall die, can tell;
To this important truth let all attend,
Each minute brings us nearer to our end;
The ſilent grave does almoſt every day,
Some friend or neighbour claim as lawful prey;
While every ſolemn knell, which ſounds their fall,
Speaks Death aloud, to you, to me, to all.

THOUGHTS IN YOUNGER LIFE.

THE COUNTRY 'SQUIRE

Walking among the TOMBS in a country CHURCH-YARD.

Memento mori.

How bleſt the man! who, ſick of gaudy ſcenes,
Scenes apt to thruſt between us and ourſelves,
Is led by choice to take his favourite walk
Amidſt Death's gloomy, ſilent, cypreſs ſhades,
Unpierc'd by vanity's fantaſtic ray,

To

To read his monuments, to weigh his
dust,
Visit the vaults, and dwell among the
tombs.

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

HOW edifying and instructive is a walk among the graves of the silent dead! while the moon, pale Empress of the night, with silver rays, shadowy sets off the face of things, and rides with solemn majesty along the starry sky, as the late Mr. Addison beautifully expresses it:

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up her wond'rous tale,
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm

Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread this truth from pole to
pole,
"That GOD sustains and rules the
whole."

The labouring hind, the busy bee, the warbling birds, and every creature round me, now have resigned themselves to sleep, and lie inactive in her torpid arms; uninterrupted by the noise, and far removed from the nonsense of the great metropolis, here, amidst the records of departed fellow mortals, let me meditate on my own mortality, and seriously consider my latter end.

On yonder plain and humble tombstone is recorded a true memorial

memorial of life's uncertainty, for it informs me, beneath it is depoſited the remains of ſix young children, together with their mother; alas! the branches, juſt as they began to ſprout out, were ſuddenly lopped off, and, in a few months after, the root itſelf withered and decayed. how frail is man! how tranſient all below! a few more days, it may be only hours, and I, though young in years, muſt die, for time even lengthened out to threeſcore years and ten, is but like ſo many moments, compared to that eternity which awaits us all beyond the grave.

Not many weeks ago, a youth about *eighteen* years of age, lively,

lively, ſtrong, and blooming, with health flushing in his cheek, and pleaſure ſparkling in his eye, was ſuddenly taken ill with a putrid fever, and in *three* days time departed this life; his ſoul took its flight from the abode of mortals, and left its earthly tabernacle to crumble into native duſt; amidſt the tears and lamentations of mourning relatives and ſorrowing friends.

However young you may be, reader, know this ſolemn truth, you are not *too* young to *die*, for graves of every length and age preſent themſelves to view; life, health, and wealth, are all uncertain reſpecting their continuance; none can be ſure they'll

live

live to ſee *to-morrow*'s ſun; the lines on yonder ſtone are juſtly worth remembrance, written on a young lady aged 17:

Seek firſt the LORD in youth, be wiſe,
Truth, *virtue*, and *religion* prize,
Do not on *future* time rely,
For ere *to-morrow* thou may'ſt die.*

The amiable, pious, and virtuous *Sabrina*, only daughter of a gentleman in Warwickſhire, deſired the foregoing epitaph might be engraven on her tomb; ſhe was truly a pattern of good works

* Theſe lines are taken from a treatiſe entitled *Solitary Walks*, written in the ſtile and manner of *Hervey's Meditations*, with occaſional notes moral, entertaining, and inſtructive, for the uſe of young gentlemen and ladies.

orks to all around; her parents ever felt a greater ſorrow than her deceaſe, while her friends mented the loſs they ſuſtained her early death, in tears of art-felt conſcern; ſhe uſed ften to ſay, when invited by er young companions to a *ball*, a lay, and uch like diverſions,

Time *waſted* is exiſtence, *us'd* is life,
Part with it as with money, ſparingly;
Lay no moment but in purchaſe of its worth,
And what it's worth, aſk *death-beds*, they can tell.

Dr. YOUNG.

Did we think more frequently on the worth of time, and its ſhortneſs; the length of eternity, and its nearneſs; the value of our ſouls, and their im-

mortality; the certainty of a future ſtate of happineſs and miſery beyond the grave, and the importance of preparing to meet our GOD in judgment, we ſhould be more careful to live ſoberly, righteouſly, and godly in the world, knowing that every one muſt ſoon appear at the judgment ſeat of *Chriſt*, to receive according to the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or evil*.

But what ſays yonder ſtone? Let me draw near and read;

Beneath this ſtone,
Juſt twenty-one,
Lies William Fry;
Reader, prepare
In time, to die

A juſt

* 2 Cor. v. 10.

A juſt admonition! deſerving the regard of all; but you may aſk, how muſt I, or what is it, to prepare to die? I anſwer, it is to keep your latter end always in view, to ſet your affections on things above, to die daily to the pleaſures and enjoyments of the world, to live as a pilgrim and ſtranger here below, and, by faith, to be depending on the SON of GOD for being put into the poſſeſſion of a better and more enduring inheritance above; in ſhort, it is (to ſpeak in the language of Scripture) *to rejoice as though we rejoiced not; to weep, as though we wept not; to buy, as though we poſſeſſed not; and to uſe this world as not abuſing*

ing it, for the fashion of this world passeth away.*

While every grave in this rustic cemetary declares the mortality of the human race, they naturally remind me to reflect upon my own, and say, or seem to say, *Be ye also ready, for thou knowest not the day nor the hour in which the SON of MAN cometh†.*

Clitander (the second son of a wealthy farmer) who died in the 14th year of his age, lies buried under yonder stone; his epitaph is plain and pertinent:

Tho'

* 1. Cor. vii. 30. 31. † Mat. xxv. 13.

Tho' life's uncertain, Death is sure,
To young and old, to rich and poor;
As I am now so you must be,
Prepare, in time, to follow me.

Death is the lot of all mankind; and the scriptures give the reason why it is so, as sin brought death into the world, so *death past upon all men for that all have sinned*.*

"When death comes (says a late writer) the landlord is served with a writ of ejectment, and, without any farther warning, turned out of his house of clay†, while worms devour in secret the poor remains of frail and feeble man!"

* Rom. v. 12. † Pearsall's Dialogues.

What pains do ſome young perſons take, to dreſs out and deck their mortal bodies, to gain admiration and the compliments of thoſe around them, little thinking on that ſolemn truth, they ſoon muſt be food for worms, and the ſubjects of putrefaction; yes, *the body muſt return to the earth as it was, and the ſoul to GOD who gave it**; then how neceſſary and momentous is that too frequently neglected work, to

Improve your time, while in your pow'r,
And be prepar'd for Death each hour.

Few, very few indeed of the young, healthy, faſhionable, and gay

* Eccleſiaſtes, xii. 7.

gay, ever turn their thoughts to what they *were created for*, *what they now truly are*, *and what they muſt be long*; deeply engaged in the purſuits of pleaſure and amuſements, and loſt to every thing of a ſolid and ſerious nature, the younger part of both ſexes live as if they never were to die; regardleſs of their Maker, their own immortal ſouls, and the awful conſideration of a future ſtate; but ſurely it is not the wiſeſt part to act, to put far off the evil day, and entirely forget the concerns of the world to come, when we are well aſſured,

Death is, of all mankind, the common doom,
And think or not think of it, ſure will come.

How far more wise and prudent is it for every son and daughter of Adam, to be expecting of, and preparing for that which they know they cannot possibly avoid, *the stroke of death*; and daily living as become the joyful expectants of a crown and kingdom that shall never fade away, but endure throughout the endless ages of a long ETERNITY.

NIGHT BEAUTIES.

A DIALOGUE.

THERON and AMANDA.

THERON.

WHILE night the day ſucceeds, as Heav'n ordains,
And o'er a ſleeping world deep ſilence reigns;
While, in her turn, the Moon her light ſupplies,
And twinkling ſtars, unnumber'd, deck the ſkies;
Come, dear Amanda, and with pleaſure trace,
The God of Nature, Providence, and Grace,
Thro' all his works,——

AMANDA,

AMANDA.

When Theron calls, Amanda can't
delay,
All his requeſts, with pleaſure I obey;
Thus our firſt parents ſpent their happieſt
hours,
In Eden's ſtately groves and ſhady
bowers.

THERON.

O may each object that attracts our
eyes,
Engage our ſerious thoughts and make
us wiſe;
How kind is God! who form'd, and
plac'd on high,
The Moon, pale empreſs of the ſtarry
ſky;
Which, when the enlivening ſun with-
draws his light,
With ſilver rays illumes the ſhades of
night;
Perhaps thoſe twinkling orbs are worlds
like ours,
Poſſeſt by creatures of ſuperior pow'rs.
Worlds

Worlds beyond worlds in beauteous
order ſhine,
And ſpeak their great Original divine;
Oh vaſt creation! thy extenſive bounds,
The utmoſt ſtretch of human thought
confounds;
'Tis not for man thy limits to explore,
His province is to rev'rence and adore.

How many beauties night preſents to
view;
Charms loſt on all but the *diſcerning* few,
The moon and ſtars, GOD's handy
works proclaim,
While univerſal nature ſounds His fame;
To Him then let us conſtant homage
pay,
Who is our guard by night and guide
by day.

AMANDA.

Yes, my dear Theron, we will daily
praiſe,
That gracious GOD, whoſe wonders
night diſplays,

While

While Heav'n and earth, and all created things,
Shall join to celebrate the King of Kings.

THERON.

How bleſt are thoſe who truly fear the LORD,
Walk in his ways, and ſtrive t'obey his word;
Who love his precepts, and his favour ſeek,
In temper humble, and in carriage meek,
In conduct upright, and in heart ſincere,
Who in the ways of wiſdom perſevere,
Theſe are the men by Heav'n account-ed dear.

Oh may our *lives* as well as *lips* declare,
His matchleſs praiſe who makes our lives his care;
Whoſe tender mercies o'er his works preſide,
While all our wants his goodneſs hath ſupply'd;
To GOD alone, whom ſaints above adore,
Due honours be aſcrib'd forever more.

PART VI.

THE COUNTRY 'SQUIRE

Telling ſtories, relating hiſtories, and offering leſſons ſuited to the capacities of every age.

DGE NOT FROM APPEARANCES.

A Boy delighted with the variegated colours of a butterfly, purſued it with great eagerneſs from flower to flower, at frequently when it ſeemed neareſt being catched, unexpectedly, and to the boy's great diſappointment,

appointment, escaped from him, till at last observing it half buried in the cup of a tulip, he rushed forwards and snatching it with violence crushed it to pieces; the dying insect, seeing the poor boy much chagrined, addressed him in the following words:

"Behold now thoughtless youth the end of thy unprofitable solicitude, and learn, for the benefit of thy future life, that all *worldly* pleasure, however it may appear in the most inviting dress, is but a painted butterfly, which may amuse you in the pursuit, but if embraced with too much ardour will perish in the grasp."

Take heed of strong attachments to things of time and sense

sense, for, like a snowball, the swifter you endeavour to hold them, the faster they melt away.

Make a Virtue of Necessity.

A Fox closely pursued by a pack of hounds, took shelter under a bramble bush; for a while he lay very snug, but found if he attempted to stir he was wounded by the thorns and prickles, however he did not complain, reflecting that good and evil are mixed, and often flow from the same fountain; these briars, indeed, said he, may tear my skin but they preserve my life from danger, for the

the ſake then of the *good*, let me bear the evil with patience and without murmuring.

Good when he gives, ſupremely good,
Nor leſs when he denies;
E'en *croſſes*, from his ſovereign hand,
Are bleſſings in diſguiſe.

Merit preferable to Beauty.

A Diamond obſerving a loadſtone at his ſide in the ſame cabinet, began to queſtion the latter how he came there, as he appeared no better than a common pebble, without any luſtre to recommend him, and concluded with deſiring him to keep his diſtance, and pay a proper reſpect to his ſuperiors. I find, ſaid

ſaid the loadſtone, you are like too many in the world, you judge by *outward* appearances, and it is your intereſt that others ſhould judge by the ſame rule; I muſt own I have nothing to boaſt of in that reſpect; but I may venture to ſay, that I make ample amends for my outward defects by my inward qualities; the great improvement of navigation is owing to me, Great-Britain is indebted to me, for her wealth, ſplendour, and power; I am willing to allow you your due praiſe, you are doubtleſs a pretty glittering bauble but I muſt be convinced that you are of ſome real uſe and benefit, before I can acknowledge that you

have any true merit, or treat you with that reſpect you demand.

Beauties in vain their ſparkling eyes may roll,
Charms ſtrike the *ſight*, but *merit* wins the *ſoul*.

POPE.

A perſon one day converſing with Diogenes about what courſe he ſhould take to be revenged of an enemy, he anſwered, "*By becoming a good man.*"

Philip of Macedon being told that ſome people ſpoke ill of him; "*It ſhall be my care*, ſaid the Prince, *by my life and actions to prove them liars.*" A noble reſolution indeed.

Cardinal

Cardinal Wolſey, one of the greateſt Miniſters of State that ever was known, expreſſed himſelf in the following manner, after his fall from the favour of King Henry the Eighth, "*Had I been as diligent to ſerve my GOD, as I have been to pleaſe my King, he would not have forſaken me in my old age.*"

The returning ſeaſons of the year convey the moſt important truths and intimate mortality to man; hear what *Shakeſpear* ſays,

——Behold fond man!
See here thy pictur'd life; paſs ſome few years,
Thy flowering *Spring*, thy *Summer's* ardent ſtrength,

Thy ſober *Autumn* fading into age,
And pale concluding *Winter* comes at laſt,
And ſhuts the ſcene; Ah! whither now are fled,
Thoſe dreams of *Greatneſs?* thoſe unſolid hopes
Of *Happineſs?* thoſe longings after *Fame?*
Thoſe reſtleſs Cares? thoſe buſy buſtling Days?
Thoſe gay-ſpent feſtive Nights? thoſe veering thoughts,
Loſt between good and ill, that ſhar'd thy life?
All now are vaniſh'd! RELIGION ſole ſurvives,
Immortal, never failing friend of man,
His guide to happineſs on high.

A young perſon on his death bed being aſked whether he had any comfort in the near views of launching out of time into eternity, replied "Yes, he had," and

and on being aſked what gave him comfort? Immediately repeated, with great pleaſure, the following beautiful lines from Sir Richard Blackmore's poem on the creation:

Thy force alone Religion! death diſarms,
Breaks all her darts and every viper charms;
Soften'd by thee the grizly form appears,
No more the horrid object of our fears,
We undiſmay'd the awful power obey,
Which guides us thro' the ſafe but gloomy way
That leads to life, and to that bleſt abode
Where Saints enjoy what here they own'd—A GOD.

LETTERS

To and from the COUNTRY 'SQUIRE, occaſioned by the foregoing Treatiſe.

To the COUNTRY 'SQUIRE.

By a LADY.

BLESS me, dear good man! what a dull, gloomy, and inſipid mood you have got into of late! what not a word to ſay but about *religion?* Not a ſyllable reſpecting the enchanting pleaſures

pleaſures of a ſociable game at *cards*, or the charms of a rural life, which I know you have often dwelt on with peculiar ſatisfaction and delight.

O fie! my good friend, don't run into the unmeaning rant of enthuſiaſm, and turn Methodiſt or rather madman, becauſe the young fanatical Parſon H—— tells you, in the old gothic language of King Solomon, *all is vanity and vexation of ſpirit.*— What, do you think I mind ſuch raving and nonſenſical jargon as he would fain hammer into our ears of a Sunday, no, not I indeed! Woman as I am, and weaker veſſel as I may be, you may believe me when I tell you I

could preach much better doctrine, and at the ſame time ſtudy leſs about it (if it is poſſible) than he does; but old father *Paul* has forbidden women to preach you know, and ſo I muſt hold my tongue.

But pray, good Sir, what is it that has made *you* ſo very *religious*, all of a ſudden? You could, ſome little time ago, be as merry, facetious, and agreeable as any gentleman in the whole county, but now the caſe is greatly altered, and I do verily believe, you can no more account for the mighty change, than Miſs P—— could for that of her lover's mind a few months ſince.——However you may expect, with all your

your ſanctity, I ſhall ſend you a card very ſoon to make one at a game at *quadrille*, and refuſe me at your peril.

I am, good Sir,

Yours,

Sept. 8th. MARIA FLIRT.

P. S. Sir WM. PIQUET's lady is to be of the party, therefore I muſt deſire we may have no demure looks, ſanctified ſpeeches, or a word about RELIGION.

To the COUNTRY 'SQUIRE.

By a Foxhunter.

WHAT the devil Jack have you done with yourſelf theſe two months paſt? I expected you for ſeveral mornings to attend the chace, as uſual, but not a word could I hear of you, till laſt week your favourite Miſs B— told me you was grown remarkably *ſerious* all at once; on going a few Sundays ago to hear a canting, whining, Methodiſt Parſon at your pariſh church, I find you are become quite a *new* man; not a word of foxhunting now muſt paſs your lips, I am told, but all you have got to ſay is about

about your ſoul and *another* world, where a fox or a hare (poor innocent creatures) are to be excommunicated, together with the hunters of them, forever. What, my good friend, are you ſuch a d——d fool as to believe there are no foxhunters in Heaven*? The Lord have mercy upon us all then, ſay I! the devil may take ſuch Whitfieldite preachers for me. Oh how I ſhould enjoy it to ſee ſuch canting fellows well ducked in a horſe-pond, and hung up to dry upon a gallows at Tyburn.

But to be ſerious, I am to have three or four of our hearty old friends

* This is the language of modern foxhunters, as well as of all the ſervants of the devil.

friends next Friday to dine with
me, and they insist on it that you
make one of the party. You
know *Will Roundhouse* and *Dick*
Bluster are droll dogs, and they
have promised me, if you'll come,
to act Obadiah Prim, the quaker,
and make Tom Buxton as drunk
as the devil; so you must be with
us at three o'clock at farthest,
till then I remain

Yours,

T. TALLIO

York, Sept. 19th.

To MARIA FLIRT.

From the COUNTRY 'SQUIRE.

MADAM,

I AM much obliged to you for
your intended invitation, but
must beg to decline the favour,
not from a supposition that a
game at cards is sinful in itself,
nay farther than as it appears
(considering our precious time) but
from a melancholy accident or
rather loss I have just met with,
the death of my youngest sister,
who died yesterday morning at
Mrs. TOMLIN'S country house
in *Hertfordshire*, where she was
on a visit; her disorder was a

putrid

putrid fever and ſore throat, which carried her off in four days time, notwithſtanding the advice and preſcriptions of the beſt phyſician in the place.

I was with her a few hours before Dr. F—— pronounced her *dangerouſly* ill; ſhe told me then that ſhe knew ſhe ſhould not recover, and talked of death and a future ſtate with all the compoſure and reſignation *Religion* could inſpire*; in ſhort, I muſt confeſs her behaviour and converſation, together with reading ſome good books ſhe recommended, have made quite a convert of me to *Chriſtianity*.

I own

* Nothing but true RELIGION can afford ſolid comfort in a dying hour.

I own I was, a few months ſince, as inconſiderate and imprudent as any one of my gay companions; I could be as jovial and facetious as the beſt of them; I could laugh at things ſacred as well as they*, make a ridicule of every appearance of ſerioufneſs and devotion, and put the evil day as far off as any one, but I cannot do it now; I ſee things in a very different light than what I did then, and wiſh, *earneſtly* wiſh, I may never be left for the time to come to think, ſpeak, or act, contrary to the dictates of a good

* Not becauſe there was any thing laughable in ſacred things, but to be accounted *devilish clever* by my com-

a good conſcience, and the precepts of *true* religion.

I remain, MADAM,

With all due reſpect,

Hamſtead, Yours, &c.

Nov. 3, 1780. *Bob Short.*

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 50, line v. from the bottom, read *cheers* inſtead of *enlivens*.